

Ever Ever Green



By FANNIE HURST

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In Adair spring comes shyly. A willow by the river, bending over at its imagery, like a woman stooping to immerse her hair, blooms suddenly over night in long lacy strands. A trout hides his shoes, sucks in his breath and shivers before the first plunge of the season.

In front of a little cottage on a hill a fairylike carpet of white dog-woods bloomed of a morning, and when Mrs. Al Delano opened her front door to the first kiss of spring she cried out suddenly, as if something within her had thawed.

"Al, darling, look out in the front yard!"

"Where?"

"Here; lemme wheel your chair out, darling. Look, a whole batch of something or other spread out on the grass like a table-cloth drying. Here, lemme wheel you out."

"No, no, baby. It's fine here by the window with the sun on me."

"But, Al, ever since we been living here you been waiting and waiting for the spring to come. It's spring now for sure, darling. Smell! Here, darling. So!"

She flung wide the window beside his chair, and the frilled white curtain stirred.

"Smell!"

"M-m-m! Like someone was squirting a perfume atomizer."

He relaxed his great shoulders back against the pillows, his face inert but smiling.

"You'll be sporting that sunbonnet Ben brought you and hiking right out in the garden now, won't you, baby?"

"Yeh. I'll show him we ain't such city buns."

"It's Monday night and he'll be stopping in after aldermen's meeting. You better put out some bulbs to surprise him, baby."

"Sometimes I wish Ben didn't stop in Monday nights after those meetings, hon. They last so late and it keeps you awake so, waiting for him."

"Nonsense. Lemme boss your garden job, baby, right here from the window. What you going to put out first—daffodils?"

She placed her cheek against his.

"Silly! Are you comfy, darling? Shall I put that new-fangled pillow Ben sent underneath your head?"

"No, only I guess you better shut the window, Lo; the nlp ain't gone out of the air yet."

"Ain't you feeling well, darling?"

"Sure I am, baby! Only when a fellow sits on his throne all day his crown gets cold."

"Oh, darling—you mustn't joke like that."

She drew the rug closer across his loglike limbs, peering closer into his face.

"You ain't getting that numb-kind of paralyzed feeling any further up, are you, Al?"

"Sure I ain't, baby."

"Sure?"

"Sure."

"You—you look so limplike today, sweetness, and I thought you'd be so glad to see that it's spring. Sure it ain't hurting you any higher up? Doc says it—"

"Fit as a fiddle I feel."

She bent down to kiss him. His head lay in the full glory of a bar of sunshine that crossed his pillow.

"I'm going out now and dig up in the garden a little. Look out, Al, at the lilac bush; it's getting ready."

"Ain't it a beaut, Lo? I bet when it blooms it smells like sixty. We gotta wrap it up these chilly nights just like it was a baby. We gotta throw a sheet or something over it. Don't forget, Lo, to cover it at night."

"And then it'll look like a spook in the moonlight."

"I want it covered so it won't get nipped."

"Nothing you ever want me to remember won't get nipped, darling."

"Poor little kiddo; I keep you jumping, don't I?"

"I'm going out now before I do the dishes and spade up like Ben learnt me. Maybe some of the girls will have time to run up for a minute to see us when the show plays its return a week from tonight. We want the little place to look swell, Al."

He was slow to release her hand.

"It'll seem funny to have the show playing in our town, won't it, Lo, and"

She made a wide-mouthed grimace and pursed her fruitlike lips into a pucker.

"We should worry?"

"You don't mean that, Lo."

"Do!"

"Poor little kiddo! Poor little kiddo!"

His throat might have been furled.

"You think I'm hankering, don't you? You think I'm hankering just because the show's coming here next week. Like fun I am!"

"You wouldn't squeal if you was, baby, but don't you think I know"

Don't you think I know what livin' in this amen corner is—"

"Shh-h-h!"

"You—you think I know what livin' with a hulk like me in a—"

"You—you're going to begin now to make me cry, ain't you? You—you're going to begin and remind me of what I done and make me wish I was dead and—and—oh, God, Al, if anybody ought to be hankering it's you, not me, I—"

"Shh-h, darling! You don't need to be ashamed of hankering. It would be funny if you didn't. A pretty skitty little thing like you. I ain't hankering, because the night the spring-board didn't work was the luckiest stroke I ever had. Would I have got you if—if it hadn't gone back on me? Would I? Even for a hulk I ain't got nothing to hanker about, baby, it—"

"But I ain't neither, Al. Honest I ain't. Gee, this little house and you and Ben! Gee, I ain't hankering."

"There never was a friend like Ben, Lo, there never was."

"There never was, Al."

"And now he thinks the world and all of you, Lo, and luffs and luffs at your cute little ways. Honest, baby, sometimes I just think to myself if—if you could get that other hankering out of your head, I wouldn't mind nothing if I knew that you and him, after I—well, after I—well, you know what I mean, baby, after I—"

"Al—Al, you make me ashamed to listen. Please, darling, I can't stand it when you talk like that. Ain't you feeling right today? Ain't you?"

"I mean it, baby. There couldn't be nothing that would set me as easy about you as that. He's so strong, Lo. I like to see him all lit up like a Christmas tree when you begin cutting up with your cute little ways. He's so strong, Lo, and like a kid at the same time. He could be so good to you, baby. I'd feel so easy if I knew for sure that—"

"Al, please—please cut it. Please, darling!"

"Even when I hear him coming down the street on his way to the factories or when he stops by from the aldermen's meeting; even when I hear his footsteps coming down the street, it's like a soldier with new spurs on his boots was marching to stand by us. Ain't it so?"

He was slower still to release her hand.

"That's why, Lo, I—even if you can get the hankering out of your system I—"

"I ain't hankering, Al; honest, darling, I—"

"You don't mean that, Lo."

"Do! Do! Do! Lemme go, darling. Lemme put some bulbs out. Lemme hurry, darling."

She broke from him with a great show of rallyery.

"Tulips first." And she was out in the sunshine and down the steps two at a bound.

In the center of the lawn, delicate and fragrant as a fountain spray, the lilac bush was purpling in the sun.

By afternoon the sun had shifted so that the warm flood of light lay to the rear and streamed into the small square kitchen with its rows of utensils reflecting and gleaming. A few

gray chickens prinked in the open doorway and on the window sill a potted geranium lifted its head gratefully to the light. On that same window sill a coffee pot, lid back, turned its black mouth to the sun. Mrs. Lola Delano swabbed out a great shining dishpan and hung it in its row along the wall. The pink was high in her face and her fingers would recoil.

"Ugh!"

"What, Lo?"

"Nothing, Al. I'll be in there right in a minute. The dishes is done. Shall I wheel you back here, hon?"

"No, no. I like to watch the kids coming from school."

She wrung out her dishcloth after the immemorial fashion of those to whom falls this ancient and greasy rite, slapped it open and hung it across the sill. Blonde tendrils of hair clung to her moist face.

"Comin', Al."

In the front room, quite in the attitude of the morning except that his head lay back against the pillows more completely relaxed, Mr. Al Delano gazed at the white ceiling. The clean litter of wood-carriage lay scat-

tered on the carpet, and on the table beside the implements of his handicraft. A canary hopped in its cage, silent.

Mrs. Delano dragged a chair across the floor and beside the littered table.

"You—why ain't you working, Al?"

"I dunno, hon."

She placed a quick hand upon his brow.

"It's because you ain't feeling right, and you won't tell me. I'm going for Doc. Tell me, darling, are you having that numblike feeling up around your heart?"

"Sure I ain't, Lo. It's spring fever's got me. Even in my act I used to go dead like a tire when spring came."

"Take a little nap, darling. You ain't slept in daytime ever since you started the carving. Lemme pull down the shade and fix you for a nap, Al."

He was mildly reluctant.

"I gotta finish the grapevine design for them lids, Lo."

"Didn't Ben say the minute you get working too hard not another job does he send up from the factory?"

"Like it makes any difference. Poor old gink, he thinks I don't know that if he wasn't in back of us, my little wood carving wouldn't keep us in shoe laces."

"Shh-h-h; here, lemme fix your pillow."

"What'll you do all alone this afternoon if I doze off, Lo? Put on your little hat, baby, the pink one that Ben likes, and stroll uptown past the office so he can see you. Don't stick around here so much, baby."

"No, I gotta clear out that trunk, Al. All winter it's been standing around and I wanna get at it and get it down in the cellar and out of the way."

"Kiss me, baby, and I'll take a little snooze. Spring fever's got me for sure."

She leaned over and kissed his cheeks where the hollows darkened them, lowered the shade and tip-toed out, closing the door after her.

(To Be Continued)

Observations and Memories

(By A. Hayseed)

The Herald editor has asked me to continue "Observations," so they will appear weekly unless I am arrested for false pretenses.

I do not like by inherited name very well. Probably Nebuchadnezzar didn't think much of his, but according to the Good Book he was some character in his time.

Schultz, as a name, looked badly in print until it was attached to the advertising of a foamy beverage that had quite a circulation before the passage of the eighteenth amendment. Then it had numerous admirers.

My given name is a trifle odd, also. It must have been given to me for balance, but always seems topheavy, so I generally use only the initial. The full name is preserved to sign mortgages and long newspaper articles. See it below.

To those who have what is termed ginger in their makeup, life is a long series of games. It begins in childhood with tag and blind man's buff, and may advance in maturity to a competitive motor car factory or a chain of ten-cent stores.

If someone asked for the most enticing games of like, Observation would immediately answer: Stud poker and politics. And a younger man might include the modern dance on account of the imported wiggles, short dresses and rolled down stockings.

Any old professional, although not quitting the game himself, will advise against poker for stability or laid up shekels in old age, and the ministerial brethren are discouraging loudly and at length on the iniquities of the dance. Taking it for granted that both are experts in their line, this leaves only politics anywhere near safe to feel with.

The lure of politics lies in office holding—in the satisfaction of the feeling that you from among the many have been chosen to rule. For this, and the possibility of a chance of power higher up in the official line many a man has given up a ten-dollar-a-day private job to serve the public at four dollars per diem. Sometimes the public appreciates his work sufficiently to give him the higher place and probably ten dollars a day. But often he is really no better off than before, for the man who replaced him in private life has also doubled his income.

The great throng known as the public is very thoughtless and hard to please. An official's good deeds may be many, but his few errors are always in the foreground. The general public is too busy buttering its own bread to keep records, but one may always be certain that the opposition parties are on the job. And it is their business to play up the mistakes of the dear public for a double time shuffle. The writer thinks he is authority on this statement regarding the fickleness of the public and the baleful influence of the political outs who want in, for he held the office of justice of the peace for one term in Bitter Creek precinct, Fussy county, Indiana. For further proof about the big statements in this paragraph, see ex-President Wilson or Governor McKelvie. Or, if short on carfare, interview your local county commissioners.

ALBRIGHT HAYSEED.

One sure way to mar the finish of a new automobile seems to be to get it caught between a couple of passing street cars.

NEXT TASK IS TO RESTOCK THE CATTLE RANGES

SPRING DRIVE TO FINANCE THE CATTLEMEN.

War Finance Corporation to Turn Its Attention From Farms to the Ranches.

Stocking the ranches in western Nebraska will be the next great effort of the war finance corporation. John M. Flannigan, executive secretary of the state loan agency is now in Washington to confer with Eugene Meyer, Jr., managing director of the war finance corporation.

"Up to this time the bulk of the loans have been made in northeast and southeast Nebraska," said Mr. Flannigan. "However, spring is the time for filling up the ranch country with cattle, and the big spring drive will be to finance the cattle men. Where a man has his ranch and plenty of feed and knows the business, we expect to extend him the credit to get a herd of cattle. Under the law these loans can't exceed the rate of 7 1/2 or 8 per cent interest. There have been no instances of Nebraska banks charging in excess of their agreement with the government, although charges have been made against bankers in other western states."

Dr. H. A. Copey, president of the local branch of the war finance corporation said that at present the government allows loans of only 80 per cent of the actual purchase price of the stock.

The banks in practically every case have had to furnish the other 20 per cent, which in the majority of cases they were unable to do, as they were usually already carrying the applicant for the full value of his stock. It is practically impossible for a man who has a great deal of feed to make money enough to pay his interest and a reasonable amount on the principal of his debt unless he has his ranch and feeding facilities to capacity, and unless the war finance corporation can loan somewhere near 100 per cent it is almost impossible to do this. Mr. Flannigan has gone to Washington to see if he can convince the heads of the war finance corporation of this and if he is successful it will be a great aid to western Nebraska stock feeders.

A questionnaire sent out by Mr. Flannigan to each county in the cattle country reveals a shortage of live stock in every one. A report from Chadron claims that its territory is better stocked than most western regions. Custer and Holt counties are claimed to be 50 per cent short, Rock County has 40 per cent of its usual supply, and Grant, Garfield and Box Butte counties about one-third.

In sentencing a criminal prisoner the judge might as well add, "or as long as you care to stay."

The modern good provider is one who brings home a new dance record for the phonograph every night.

AGATE FOSSIL BED CLASSED WITH WORLD WONDERS

(Continued from Page 1.)

South Dakota is not only building up a wonderful system of roads, Mr. Cook declared, but the state is utilizing its natural advantages. Several views were shown of natural wonders in the Black Hills, as well as views from Colorado, Montana, the Yellowstone and the Pacific coast states.

"Nebraska has a number of places which could be developed and made to attract the attention of tourists," Mr. Cook said. He mentioned various places, including the sandhill lakes, some of which could be stocked with fish if a state park could be made to include them; the old tree near Crawford, where the famous Sioux Indian treaty was signed; and the fossil beds at the Cook ranch. He urged the business men to continue talking good roads and keep up their efforts until natural beauty spots were set apart old trails and historic spots marked, and inducements offered to tourists to pass through Nebraska on their way to other scenes of interest.

"Now is the time to agitate roads," he declared. "This tourist travel is just beginning, and there are no established routes. Western Nebraska can get this business if it goes after it." One garage in Hot Springs reported a single month's business of \$10,000, and the same amount of money spent by the 26,000 tourists who were registered at Hot Springs the past season would do wonders for western Nebraska.

America Not the New World.

Mr. Cook reviewed the geological history of the North and South American continents. This is generally called the new world, he said, but as a matter of fact it can be shown, by the geological formations, that it is older than other continents. Some of the formations that have been turned up in western Nebraska and the Dakotas can be scientifically proved to be at least two hundred million years old.

The speaker also spoke of the importance of these fossil discoveries to science, and told of an expedition now being made in Asia.

He mentioned, among other points, that despite opinions to the contrary, evolution is not in direct opposition to the teachings of the Bible. The two can be harmonized. But, he declared, when scientific investigation shows some points in reference to the earth and its people to be facts, it is foolish to interpose old beliefs and religious teachings as authentic. He pointed out that evolution does not claim that apes were the ancestors of the human race, but that the human race sprang from some ape-like ancestors, whether we like to believe it or not.

There were dozens of colored slides used in illustrating the talk, which greatly pleased the Rotarians and their guests. Captain Cook, father of the speaker, is one of the best informed men on the subject of early history in the state, and on his return to Nebraska in two or three months, an attempt will be made by the Rotarians to secure him for an address. Captain Cook is now engaged in writing his account of early Nebraska and western plains history, and the Rotarians are exceedingly anxious to hear from him.

Herald Want Ads—Results.

American Legion Notes

"FACTS—NOT OPINIONS"

Being four years behind the times has its thrills. Henry Hustenden, German farmer of Maronville, L. L., has just run onto the Battle of Chateau Thierry, and now he is so excited he can't do a stroke of work. During the summer Hustenden raises berries; during the winter he sits and listens to his wife read world events from a carefully hoarded stack of German newspapers, arranged chronologically. Although losing ground steadily, Hustenden (who can't read himself) has never allowed his wife to skip. Last winter he got to the sinking of the Lusitania, and could scarcely wait for fall to come.

"But haven't you known that this country was at war all along?" asked a member of the American Legion.

"Ja," said Hustenden, "but I ain't interested because I hadn't got to it yet in the papers."

"We won," said the Legionnaire heartily. And when he added, "It's all over now," He felt as though he were letting the cat out of the bag.

"It's not over yet for me," answered Hustenden, returning to his wife and the stack of papers.

Neighbors are expecting to hear a wild celebration in the Hustenden's house along about April when he gets to the false armistice report.

In the event the bonus passes the American Legion has volunteered to cooperate with the government in administering the law and, through its organization, to effect a saving amounting to millions of dollars in the cost of distributing adjusted compensation.

The 11,000 Legion posts in almost every city and township in the nation will be placed at the disposal of the government, Hanford MacNider, the commander of the Legion, has pledged. The whole Legion organization will assist in the gigantic task of getting up machinery to carry out the terms of the law in the payment of compensation to the several millions entitled to benefits.

"With the passage of the bill, some agency extending into every community will of necessity have to be provided through which applications would be received," Mr. MacNider declares. "The Legion offers to take over the job, and with the machinery which we have already built up, carry out the plans of the legislation."

It is probable, according to Commander MacNider, that citizens throughout the country will volunteer to serve without pay on local boards or commissions, subject to the same regulation and supervision as other federal employees. With the completion of the census of the 4,000,000 war veterans now being taken, the Legion will have in its possession the only accurate data on the distribution of five adjusted compensation under the five options available. One suggestion the government has received calls for a system similar to the selective draft under which soldiers were inducted during the war by boards of citizens in their localities.

Business is improving—especially among the bandits.

Chiropractic Facts vs. Medical Theories

Chiropractors believe that disease comes from within the body, and in support of their belief, they point to the fact that, Subluxations have been produced in the Spines of men and animals, and various diseases have been the result, from Goiter, to Fevers and various intestinal disturbances known as diseases.

In its hunt for causes and cures of disease the Regular School of Medicine engaged in a game of Blindman's Buff.

It teaches people that disease comes from without. It declares that germs are the cause of most diseases, and for those which specific germs have never been found, for instance, Scarlet Fever, Measles and Appendicitis, they think they must exist and expect to find them some day.

If the germ theory of disease were correct, there would be nobody living to believe it.

RESULTS COUNT

Drs. Jeffrey & Smith